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A GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1 Robinſon Cruſoe.
2 Jack at the Windlaſs.
3 The Sons of Brittannia.

WHEN I was a Lad, my fortune was bad,
My Grandfather I did loſe O,
I'll bet you a Can you have heard of the Man,
His name it was Robinſon Cruſoe.

CHORUS.

Oh! poor Robinſon Cruſoe,
Oh! poor Robinſon Cruſoe,
Linky ting ting, linky tang tang,
Oh! poor Robinſon Cruſoe.

You've read in a book of a voyage he took,
While the raging whirl-winds blew ſo,
That the ſhip with the ſhock fell plump on a Rock,
Near drowning poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor &c.

Poor Soul, none but he, eſcap'd on the Sea,
Ah! fate, fate, how could you do ſo,
Till at length he was thrown on an Island unknown,
Which received poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor &c.

But he ſav'd from on Board an old gun
and a Sword,
And another odd matter or two ſo,
That by dint of his thrift he manag'd to
ſhift,
Pretty well for poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor &c.

And he happen'd to ſave from the merci-
leſs Wave,
A poor parrot I aſſure you 'tis true ſo,
That when he came home from a weari-
ſome roam,
Us'd to cry out poor Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor &c.

Then he got all the wood that ever he
cou'd,
And he ſtuck it together with glue ſo,
That he made him a Hut in which he
might put,
The carcaſe of Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor &c.

While his man Friday, kept the houſe
ſnugg and tidy,
To be ſure 'twas his buſineſs to do ſo,

They liv'd friendly together leſs like Servant than Neighbour,
Liv'd Friday and Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor &c.

At length within hale he ſaw a ſtout ſail,
And he took to his little Canoe ſo,
When he reach'd the Ship, they gave him a trip,
Back to England, brought Robinſon Cruſoe.
Oh! poor &c.

Jack at the Windlaſs.

COME all hands a-hoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries,—Devil thank her,
She'll ſoon take another in tow:
This breeze, like the old one, will kick us,
About on the boiſterous main;
And one day if death ſhould not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again:

CHORUS.

With a will ho! then pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go,
We're in for't then demme what folly, boys,
For to be down hearted yo ho!

Our Boatſwain takes care of the rigging,
More 'ſpecially when he gets drunk;
The bobſtays ſupply him with ſwigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The ſtudding-ſail ſerves for his hammock,
With the clue-lines he's brought him his call,
While enſigns and jacks in a mammock,
He ſold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will ho! &c.

Of the Purſer this here is the maxim,
Slops grog, and proviſions he ſacks;
How he'd look if you were but to aſk him,
With the Captain's Clerk who 'tis goes ſnacks:
O he'd find it another gueſs ſtory,
That would bring his bare back to the cat;
If his Majeſty's honor and glory,
Was only juſt told about that.
With a will ho! &c.

Our Chaplain's both holy and godly,
And ſet's us for heaven agog;
Yet to my mind he looks rather odly,
When he's ſwearing and drinking of grog:

When he took on his knee *Betty Boſwer*,
And he talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cried I, " which is the way to heaven
now, ſir,"
" Why you dog, " ſays the Chaplain,
" her arms."
With a will ho! &c.

The Gunner's a devil of a blubber,
The Carpenter can't fiſh a maſt;
The Surgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
The Maſter can't ſteer if he's aft:
The Lieutenant's conceit are all wrapt in,
The Mates hardly merit their ſlip;
Nor is there a ſwab but the Captain,
Knows the ſtem from the ſtern of the
ſhip.
With a will ho! &c.

Now fore and aft having abuſed them,
Juſt but for my fancy and gig;
Could I find any one that ill-uſed them,
Damn me but I'd tickle his wig:
Jack never was known for a railer.
It was fun every word that I ſpoke,
And the ſign of a true-hearted ſailor,
Is to take and to give a good joke.
With a will ho! &c.

THE SONS OF BRITTANNA.

Tune—Valencienes March.

ARISE! ariſe! Britannia's ſon's ariſe!
And join in the ſhouts of the patriotic throng
Ariſe! ariſe! Britannia's ſons ariſe!
And let the heaven's echo with your ſong;
For the genius of Albion, victory proclaiming,
Forth to the world our deeds and rights maintaining,
And the battle of the Nile,
Shall be foremoſt on the file.
Nelſon, gallant Nelſon's name applauded ſhall be,
Then huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! boys,
Mars guards for us what freedom did by charter gain,
Huzza! &c.
Britannia ſtill, Britannia rules the main.

The proud ſons of France, with inſulting haughty ſcorn,
Had ſo long oppreſſed neighbouring independency,
And vainly did hope their conqueſt would be borne,
In harmony triumphant o'er the ſea,——
But Nelſon ſoon taught them in peals of Britiſh thunder,
To the flag of Royal George 'twas their duty to knock under,
And the battle of the Nile,
Was deciſive and the ſpoil,
Shall bedeck the lovely boſoms of our loyal Britiſh fair.
Then huzza, &c.

In council above aroſe the deity of war,
Determined to give valour due renown,
And ſoon on the brow of each Britiſh tar,
Was planted a reſplendant loy crown,

While the loud trump of fame o'er earth and ocean
sounded,
But the battle of the Nile,
Was the foremoſt of the ſi'e,
And all the angelic choir ſung the glories of that day,
Then huzza, &c.

Then arouſe, arouſe, ye ſons of mirthful ſport,
And receive your protector with open arms returning,
View the ſhore they with their blood have bought.
For the glory of this happy happy Iſle,
A Britiſh ſeaman's name henceforward ſhall be
penn'd,
A terror to his foe, and an honour to his friend,
At the battle of the Nile,
Our children ſhall ſmile,
And to ages yet unborn, tranſmit what Nelſon's done.
Then huzza, &c.

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Angus, Printer.